A

Tragicomic, Heroical, Satyrical BURLESQUE

POEM

In Three CANTO's

ON THE

HYPERBOLE.

The First CANTO

Being a brief Account of *Taſte A-la-mode*; wherein thoſe *Petit Maitres* of the Age (alias *Fribbles)* are fully exhibited.

The Second and Third CANTO's

Contain the various and ridiculous Cuſtoms of Perſons in the loweſt State of Life:

AND

By the Inſertion of a COMIC BATTLE,

Their MANNERS, LANGUAGE, *&c.* are fully exemplified.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden-Lion* in *Ludgate-Street.*

[Price One Shilling.]

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Theſe Three CANTO's

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HYPERBOLE

ARE,

With the utmoſt Reſpect and Gratitude,

DEDICATED TO

Mr. *Francis Hammond*,

ANAGLYPHIST,

by his moſt obedient

Servant and Friend,

H. HARRISON, *A. S.*

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B

CANTO I.

Taſte A-la-mode.

I Sing the buzzing Follies of the Town,
Sheer from the Grandeur of the tinſell'd Tribe,
To the baſe Rudeneſs of St. *Giles*'s fam'd:
While the briſk Muſe, exulting with the Theme,
Glows like a Seraph in her ſhining Zone,
And thus attempts to ſwell the glorious Lay.

She ſings that gaudy, empty Thing, a Beau!
Meer *Pantin* for the Fair, who, when the Sun
Mounts his meridian Height, ariſes from
His curtain'd Receſs clad in Gown Mattin,

Sips

Sips Tea or Coffee ; when to his Levee
Comes half a Dozen more of ſmiling Coxcombs,
Cringing and fawning; then begins to ring
The painted Roof, with Eloquence ſublime.

One tells his ſoft Amours with ſuch a Miſs,
And how the Lady prais'd his Pig-tail Wig ;
Said that his Skin was clearer than the Snow,
And how ſhe ey'd the Dimple on his Cheek !
Begg'd for his Love, and call'd him pretty Man.
Another tells a ſad elegiac Tale,
Of his poor Pugzy ! which by Chance had fell
Out of the Window on the Paliſadoes,
Which diſlocated quite his Shoulder-Bone,
Fractur'd his Scull, and bruis'd his Diaphragm :
After which ſad Miſhap, he laid ſome Time
In Torture exquiſite, and then expir'd.
While on the other Side a fair-hair'd Youth
Diſplays a Snuff-box ! Tweezer ! and a Ring !

Which

Which he deſigns to give his charming Fair
To gain her Love, and ſlip into her Favour.

So theſe ſweet-ſcented Sirs elapſe their Time
In Prattle quaint, all common Stuff they ſcorn:
And therefore have a Language of their own,
Which, ſpoke with Energy, makes Man an Aſs.

A While they part, each to his Glaſs repairs,
And views therein the Shadow of a Shade,
A Gew-gaw Thing, puff'd up by Self-conceit,
Imblaz'd with golden Tiſſue, ſcarce the Senſe
To tell who made the World, or ſpell his Name:
Thus he with Pleaſure views his magic Form,
Stalks round the Room, then tries his Glaſs again,
Adores, admires, and almoſt loves himſelf.
So *Ovid* tells us of a ſilly Youth,
Who, lying on the Margin of a Stream
Tranſparent, ſaw his graceful Mein, and pin'd

In Beauty's Chain, enamour'd with his own.
Next, to the *Park* they haſte, and on the *Mell*
Each other meet, bending profound join Hands
And Lips, then onward move with Arms entwin'd:
But if ſome gentle fair One paſſes by,
Whoſe Eyes their Follies doubtleſs may attract;
Each, quick reflecting on his many Charms,
Fancy's the Maid in Love; but, ah, how vain!
The Fair behold ſuch Things with Ridicule,
Nor love thoſe Objects ſo much like themſelves.

Say, Muſe, the Humour which the *Park* affords,
When *Sol* withdraws his radiant Light, and ſinks
Beneath the Horizontal Line; there all
Of various Sizes and of diff'rent Hues
Impetuous joſtle, to and fro confus'd;
The Captain here! with *Kevenüller* Hat,
And Pig-tail Wig which hangs adown his Back,
Walks ſtately on, and bangs his Sword againſt

Ano-

Another's Shins, who in a Pet goes on,
And rubs his Legs, curſing the temper'd Blade.
And here we ſee a little crooked Lord
Strutting before a Row of Ladies tall,
Pantins impending from their ſwelling Breaſts,
Grand Mark of Folly! and *French* Influence!
Thus what a Child of twelve Years old would ſcorn,
Our modern Fops and Ladies call polite.

Hence from this ſacred Iſle ſuch empty Toys,
To *France*, the *Caput* of the Nick-nack World!
No longer let Effeminacy reign
O'er this, a Land once fam'd for Arts and Arms;
Revoke that priſtine Worth, *Britannic* Youths,
And wield the conquering Steel, let Virtue riſe.
Trace on the Paths of Learning and of Arts:
Nor let ſuch ſimple Things enervate Souls
Made to be brave, and ſpread a Glory o'er
The Nations round, and gild the torrid Zone.

But now the Muſe alacritated flies
Precipitant! and wheels her aereal Courſe
To Objects more profound, leaving her Theme,
To tell what various Scenes attract the Sight
In lower Life, and ſhew the Enormity
Of both Extremes: Too nice or over rough.

End of the Firſt CANTO.

CANTO II.

NOW ſing, my Muſe, the noble Clank of Arms;
And what befel the vaſt *Athletic* Rout,
Who, in a Street near *Education Square* †,
Aſſembl'd, arm'd with Reſolution dire.
Sing on ----------
Of him, whoſe valid Arm *Broughtonic* quell'd
His haughty Foes, *Sandonius* by Name.

† St. *Giles*'s Pound.

Hail

Hail mighty Name! greater than his whoſe Praiſe
Meonidas, the *Grecian* Poet, ſung.
—— *Ambroſe!* and *Johnſon*, *Mulberry-Noſe* and *him*,
Who from the ancient *Cyclops* did deſcend,
To guide with his *odd Eye* the other three
Stone-blind! —— Ye I invoke, that oft beneath
The Shade of *Beth'lem-Walls!* turn your ſoft Notes
To the harſh Jingling of a Madman's Chains;
Haſte then away,
And let the *Cyclopean* lead the Van!
With his Baſe-Viol on his Shoulder laid;
Traverſe! ſcrew up your ſqueaking Inſtruments,
And prepare to charm my artleſs Muſe
With comic Phiz, and all perſuaſive Sound.

Thrice had the chearful Glaſs gone round, and now
Each youthful Cheek a purple Bluſh reveal'd,
And *Cynderaxa* ſhone in Sable bright;
The Gibs and Jeers from *Bunterella* flew

To *Dolly-Douzy*; who, with Repartee,
Smart as the Pun, was arm'd. On t'other Hand
Sat *Oyſterind*, for Rhetorick more fam'd
Than *Cicero*, or *Arion*, tuneful Bard:
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke, the wide expanded Ring
Stood ſilenc'd! while with Troops of Metaphors,
And Thoughts ſublime, ſhe charm'd the liſt'ning Ear.

Next *Liverretta* roſe ſupremely fair!
Blitheſt of all the *Golgothetic* Train;
Sparkling with bluſhing Lights that ſhot their Beams
At every Heart around, ſhe, taking on
Herſelf ſome dubious Word that *Oyſterinda* ſaid,
Turn'd her lov'd Smiles to Ire! up ſhe rear'd
From off the Cricket-ſtool her beauteous Form
Erect; and ſnapping with her Thumb and Finger, thus,
'Gan Jeer, ſhall you, ſaid ſhe, with your curſt Clack,
Upbraid my Conduct, or diſpute my Senſe?
Lord dy! No, *bike*, or I ſhall *mill your Mazz*,

And make you *widdle* as you did before:
So ſaid, ſhe lifted up her Arm, and hurl'd,
With hideous Ruin and Commotion ſwift,
A ſanguine *Heart* in *Oyſterinda*'s Face:
Who, then enraged ſore, pull'd off her Cap,
And whirling to and fro her potent Arm,
With Jaculation dire, ſtriking full
Againſt the Breaſt of *Liverretta* fair,
Who, falling back, evaded half the Blow:
Then, ſtepping forward, with impetuous Force,
Met her Opponent, and, with *griſly* Rage
Implacable, ſtruck on her ſhining Helm
A dreadful Blow; at which ſhe fell plump down,
Rending the vaulted Skies with horrid Shrieks.

Mean While *Sandonius* from his radiant Car
Had juſt alighted; hearing diſmal Cries,
Haſted to quell the odious Din of War:
But, ah! what various Paſſions ſhook his Soul,

When he beheld the *Solace* of his Cares
Prone on the Ground, ejecting crimſon Gore?
He gaz'd aghaſt, for Utt'rance he'd none,
And Tears came trickling down his youthful Cheek;
But *Cynderaxa*, who beheld his Plight,
Pointed to *Liverretta*, and thus ſpoke,
She was the Cauſe! At which he turn'd about,
And, graſping firm her jetty Lock of Hair,
Smote on her ſparkling Eyes his hardy Fiſt,
And flung her bellowing on the Dunghil-Brow.
Carmano ſeeing that, with Aſpect ſtern,
And haughty Strides, intrepid then came on;
Aloft in Air he held his ſtrenuous Arm,
For Reputation, and in Beauty's Cauſe,
Daring the bold *Sandonius* to fight:
At which *Sandonius*, with diſdainful Look,
Spurn'd with his Foot the Hero from his Side:
But ah! *Carmano*'s Spirit could not brook
This Piece of Shame, forward he came,

Striking

Striking with great Velocity his Foe
Promiſcuous, and now began the Fight:
Sandonius, ſtanding firm, warded each Stroke
Judicious; then, with Revolution ſwift,
He ſmote unturbid his Antagoniſt:
But all in vain, his Breaſt like maſſy Steel
Redounds the Blow, inſenſible of Pain:
As when at Sea a furious Tempeſt drives
The daſhing Waves againſt ſome ſturdy Rock,
With great Precipitation back recoils
The mighty Torrent murmuring; ſo ſtood
Carmano firm, and ſcorn'd to yield the Fight.

Mean While, poor *Oyſterinda* on the Lap
Of an *Hibernian Dame matronic* lay
Entranc'd, while the ſage Hag, with wrinkled Face,
Judiciouſly apply'd her brittle Tube
With *Indian* Weed replete, cloſe to the Noſe
Of *Oyſterinda* fair; then blowing ſtrong,

Suffuſion vaſt enſu'd; aſcending thro'
The Sockets of her Head, flew to her Brain,
A Sternutation caus'd, which ſhook her Frame,
And brought to priſtine Senſe the tender Fair.

Around ſhe throw'd her baleful Eyes deſtructive,
And beheld where her gay *Amoroſo*
Was engag'd in Combat fierce; up ſhe ſprung,
And, taking from her Side the *Salmon Kit*,
Made her Way thro' the Crowd, big with Revenge,
And, drawing nigh the Combatants, ſhe ruſh'd
Between; then ſtruck with her *hoop'd Shield*
Many a direful Blow illegal, on
The Head of poor *Carmano*, which his Friends
Viewing with Sympathy, came on enrag'd:
And now began the warlike Game, Confuſion
Now in every Face appear'd, and nought
Was heard but the deteſted Sound of Arms.
Here lay a *Shoeblack* with his Bruſh and Stool

Grove-

Groveling in Mire, likely to looſe his Life
By that he chiefly liv'd. *Brickbats* and *Stones*,
Meeting each other in the ambient Air,
Made Diſcord horrent! *Stinking Dogs* and *Cats*,
Skimming o'er Head, obſcur'd the cryſtal Sky.

Thus while both Parties were engag'd in Fight,
The youthful *Ordulf* came of regal Port,
Yclad in Panoply of yellow Hue
Refulgent, waving round his magic Wand
Immers'd in ſhining Ore; like *Mia*'s Son
He ſtood, and ſhook his Skirts embos'd, gliſtring
With fragrant Dews, and *excremental* Sweets;
He, ſeeing well how the fierce Conflict ſtood,
Call'd out to *Dungo*, famous too in Arms,
Who, both together, breaking thro' the Ranks,
Came timely to *Sandonius*'s Aid,
Who pale and languid now upon the Ground
Lay bleeding: Then *Ordulf* mov'd with Pity

For his Friend, wielding his ponderous Arm
Around his Head, denouncing horrid War,
Cut ſheer his oblique Way thro' ſerried Files
Undaunted! while cloſely on the other Hand
Purſued his bold Companion *Dungo*
Doing Wonders; and from each ruſtic Throat
Loud Huzza's came, which, ruſhing thro' the Air,
From Sphere to Sphere, erect with hoſtile Din,
Shook the bright Manſions of the mighty *Jove*.

Now Victory in dubious Geſtures play'd,
Brooding her Wings alternate o'er each Foe.
From his ſad Plight *Sandonius* had reviv'd,
And ſeeing what his valiant Friends had done,
Elate with noble Pride, from either Hand,
He ſpurn'd the haughty Foe, who ſtood aghaſt:
He, with the Thoughts of Conqueſt and of Fame
Opplete, mow'd down the hoſtile Ranks, and plung'd
Once more undaunted in the dreary Gulf

Of dubious War; and now the Hero met
One of the Leaders of *Carmano*'s Train,
Dimmuck, ſo call'd in *Broad St. Giles*'s and
At *Tottenham-Court*, where his puiſſant Feats
Shine in the Annals of immortal Fame:
Sandonius then was glad to meet the Man
Whom his Soul hated, hoping now to end
The Skirmiſh dire, by Combating with him:
He call'd aloud Ceſſation for a Time
Of general Arms, which quickly did enſue:
That done, *Sandonius* thus ſpoke: Know ye,
That I, the Champion of your wholſome Laws,
Do challenge *Dimmuck*, famous and renown'd,
For Right and Left, to grapple with me for
A *ſhining Ridge*; nor fear I but to *clink*
This *clacking Cull*, and plump his *Blubbers* e're
The Darkee comes. Then Scowling ended Parley;
And *Dimmuck*, now, in native Buff appear'd;
Sandonius then with out-ſtretch'd Arms robuſt,

And Muſcles ſtrain'd, wheel'd agile round his Man,
With Art ſupreme; which *Dimmuck* ſeeing, made
A Semi-feint to break *Sandonius'* Guard,
Who falling on his Knee, the Effort prov'd
Abortive; then, quick advancing, aim'd at
Dimmuck's Mark, who caught with nimble Hand
Sandonius by the Wriſt and ſmote him, ſheer
'Twixt upper Rib and Chuck. *Sandonius* then,
With Leer malign, and rapid Force, came up,
And, fidling with his Foe, clapt firm his Foot
Behind the other's Heels, and, ſtriking hard
Upon his ragged Head, drove him quite back,
And made his brawny Buttocks kiſs the Ground:
Quickly he roſe, and cloſing with his Foe,
Thinking to throw him---but 'twas all in vain;
Sandonius, folding his ſtrong Arms around
The t'other's Waiſt, flung him clean o'er his Head,
When down he fell, grinning with very Pain,
While all around *Victoria*'s fill'd the Air!

Now Battle-Royal had again enſu'd:
Carmano, much enrag'd to ſee the Fall
Of his beloved Friend, was ſummoning
His Retinue to fight; but *Caſcee* came,
And, with a ragged Smock ſtuck on a Torch,
Unlucid, aſk'd a Truce till Morn's Approach.

Not far from thence a *Bard*, in *Garret high*,
Sat biting of his *Pen*, nor could, for Noiſe,
Finiſh his *Panegyric* on his *Lord*:
With Rage *intenſe* he took the fleeky Plume
And flung it from him, imprecating loud:
Then down he came, and from *Sandonius'* Car
He took the ſtrongeſt and the nimbleſt Steed,
Whoſe *Bones from either Side projected* far,
And up he mounts majeſtic in his Air,
Yet grave as *Amram*'s Son in *Egypt* fam'd.
Slowly he mov'd, nor ſpur'd the ſtubborn Beaſt,
Till, drawing nigh the Crowd, his Caſtor *doff'd!*

With

With low Congee, and ſonorous Voice, thus ſpoke :

" My worthy Friends, What means this deadly Strife,
" This Sight ſo hateful in the ſapient Eye ?
" Leave off, I pray, this ſtridulous Affair ;
" Let amicable Smiles adorn your Cheeks,
" And let PACIFIC MYRTLE deck your Brows :
" But if you love to hear the dire Alarms
" Of claſhing Weapons, and inteſtine War,
" The Widows Shrieks, the Infants tender Cries,
" Or ſee the Earth imbru'd with human Gore,
" Go on.---But, oh ! the ſacred Words of Peace
" Would fill my Soul with Extaſy immenſe :
" Therefore, I pray you, that a general Truce
" Be now proclaim'd ; but, if that ſuits not
" With your jarring Souls, ſoon as the Lark
" Her Matin Song renews, and mild *Leucothoe*,
" With her azure Veil, the Æther clads,
" Ariſe, and in the open Way convene
" In cubic *Phalanx*, deck'd with martial Pomp."

He

He ſaid, and from the weary Hoſts Applauſes rang:
Now Diſſipation quick enſu'd, and all
Exultant haſted to their Homes emaſh'd
Hoping to ſooth their Pains by balmy Sleep,
And hug the glad Surceaſe till Break of Day.

End of the Second CANTO.

CANTO III.

FROM the opacuous Womb of ſilent Night,
Her lovely Child, the grey-ey'd Dawn, appear'd,
Spreading ſoft Influence o'er the fecund Glebe,
And breathing all around Effluvia pure;
While *Heſperus*, the Harbinger of Day
Shone in the Zenith, and with radiant Beams
Auſpicious ſmil'd; the tuneful Lark, ſublime
I'th' Atmoſphere, chaunted her pleaſing Strain,
Sedulous to deſcry the tepid Rays

Of mighty *Sol*, whoſe Abſence now ſhe mourn'd.
The noiſy Drum, with the *Sow-gelder*'s *Horn*,
Had wak'd the ſleeping Heroes, who, equip'd
With Implements of War, were muſt'ring up
Their Forces, to adorn the Place of Fight.

Immediately the Field was cover'd o'er
With mighty Quadrates, who imperious march'd
To the melodious Sound of Inſtruments,
That mov'd their greater Souls to Battle proud.
Carmano with his Troops appearing firſt,
Then bold *Sandonius* with his Men advanc'd;
Six Butchers in the Van, with Art ſupern,
Beat on their *Cleavers* loud the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance to'ards the hoſtile Camp.
Next *Shabberro*, upon his Brother Aſs;
A *Butter-Firkin* plac'd before him was,
Which, ſtriking boldly with two *Marrow-bones*,
Serv'd for a Kettle-Drum. Then came a Row

Of ſprightly *Newgate*-Birds, nor Shoes nor Hoſe
Had they; but, like the Saints and goodly Men,
Walk'd on bare-footed: Theſe were *Choiriſters*,
Who ſung the glorious Deeds of Heroes fam'd;
Broughton and *Smallwood*, Jockey *James* and *Hunt*,
Blithly they ſang with Notes angelical
To inſtrumental Harmony ſublime.

Then *Ordulf* came, high ſeated on a Butt
Fix'd in a T--d-Cart, while around his Head
A Glory ſhone dazzling the Lookers on.
A brave and noble Troop next followed,
Some without Hats or Wigs, all over Rags,
With Noſes ſwell'd, black Eyes, the Signs of War;
Each arm'd with diff'rent Weapons, *Broomſticks*
And *Shovels*, *Grid-irons* and *Tongs*. Then came
Blind Will with ſlow revolving Head, erect,
Scraping ſonorous on his Humſtrum quaint;
Brave *Nell* he ſung no more; but martial Song

Sprung

Sprung from his vocal Shell in Strains more grand,
Than when a *Triton* on the tepid Waves
Hails with his winding Horn the wat'ry God,
And ſhakes the Borders of his wide Domain.

Next *Murduck Blaney*: He with lulling Sounds
Tickl'd the liſt'ning Ear, his Arm he mov'd,
And underneath was fix'd a ſmall Receſs
Of congregated Wind, which, ſlow effuſing
Thro' a long Tube high o'er his Shoulder pois'd,
Breath'd dying Groans; while he, with both his Hands,
Open'd or ſtop'd the Ventilators ſmall,
Squeak'd Melody, as often I have heard,
Upon ſome Houſe's Top when Darkneſs reign'd,
Two rival Boar-Cats with the Muſic ſtrive
To charm the ſable, or the milk-white She,
Whoſe modeſt Grace, vindictive, fear'd to love.

Then

Then onward rolling in his Chariot ſtern
Sandonius came; upon his rugged Front
Sat *Impudence*, and all the Pomp of War
Inthron'd; as great as *Alexander*, when
He paſs'd the *Granic* Flood. A ruſty Sword
Hung dangling by his Side, ſix *Shoeblacks* who
Yclad in *Joſeph*'s Coats ran by his Car,
And ſerv'd for Pages in their Livery deck'd:
While the proud Steeds that drew the General fierce,
Snorting and ſnuffling, tore the paſſive Earth,
And Clouds of Duſt high o'er their Heads eraiſ'd.

Four *Chimney-Sweepers* follow'd next, who play'd
Conſonant on their Shovels broad. And then
Came on young *Caſcee*, at the Head of two
Mooncurſers; who, with farcted Cheeks ventoſe,
Blow'd on *Cowſhorns*, enhancing every Soul
With grand Concerto's, Fugues, and ſolemn Airs.

Then *Dungo*, eminent in Arms, led up
The potent Rear, prognoſticating Blood,
And ſeem'd to brave the Danger of the War.
Now towards the Foe with nimble Tread they came,
For now of Yards they wanted ſcarcely ſix
To blend their Army, and begin the Fray.
Terrific then a Shout aſcends, and ſtrait
The Foe enrag'd began the dire Attack:
Then Diſcord ſeem'd to reign, and Clangor rung
Along the Welkin wide, the claſhing Arms,
And Imprecations loud, with diſmal Yells.
The *Bagpipe*'s dreadful Groan was heard from far:
The *Cow*'s-*Horn* ſeemed to allay the Shrieks
Of wounded Heroes, bleeding on the Ground.
Thus blaz'd the very Furnace of the War;
There might you ſee a piteous Object lay
Biting the Ground, and foaming like a Dog.

But ah! a ſad Miſhap had like to've been
Exemplified upon poor *Ordulf*'s Head;
Dimmuck, beholding how in Pomp he ſat,
Hurl'd a *dead Dog*, and knock'd him off his Tub,
Flat on the Ground, and broke his *jolly Nob*;
Environ'd round by Foes, who bruis'd him ſore,
And would have finiſh'd all his mundane Care,
If ſome of his bold Troops, who ſaw him fall,
Had not ruſh'd in, and ſnatch'd him from their Rage.

The Scales of Victory, that even were,
Now ſeem'd to incline on brave *Sandonius*' Cauſe.
Carmano ſaw his Troops began to fly;
With Malice fraught, and *Phaetonic* Rage,
Drove on his lightſome Car o'er Heroes Necks
To meet *Sandonius*, who, when he deſcry'd,
He brandiſh'd fierce his maſſy Club aloft,
And bid Defiance to *Sandonius*' Arms;

Who,

Who, bravely lifting u
Drove poor *Carmano* o
When down he fell wi

Not far from thence
In that they put in poo
And drove him off; w
Turn'd back, and fled
Sandonius' Party, then,
With Shouts of Victory
To where St. *Tyburne* li

ng up his weighty Staff,
ano o'er the Copſes ſheer,
ll with dreadful Groan aghaſt.
nence there ſtood a Wheel-barrow;
poor infirm *Carmano*,
f; while his affrighted Troops
fled in Haſte unto their Camp.
then, purſu'd them cloſe
ictory, and Triumph, down
rne lifts his Aſpect grim.